

## SUNSHINE ON THE HILLS.

I stood upon the hills, when Heaven's wide arch  
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,  
And woods were brightened, and soft glows  
Went forth to kiss the sun-dew's rays.  
The clouds were far beneath me, bathed in light,  
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,  
And in their fading glory shone  
Like hosts in battle overthrown.  
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,  
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered  
lanes,  
And rocking on the cliff was left  
The dark blue blazed, bare, and cleft.  
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below  
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow  
Was darkened by the forest's shade,  
Or glistened in the white cascade;  
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,  
The noisy billows wheeled their spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,  
I saw the current whirl and dash—  
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,  
The waves were bending with a silent reach.  
Then over the vale, with gentle swell,  
The music of the village bell  
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;  
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,  
Was ringing to the merry shout.  
That faint and far the glen sent out,  
Where, answering to the sudden shout, thin smoke,  
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle  
broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget;  
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills—so tears  
Dissolve the sweet knot that Nature weaves.

## AGRICULTURAL.

## The Rinderpest.

THIS terrible scourge still holds almost undisputed sway among the herds of Great Britain, so far as it has progressed. The latest reports give over thirteen thousand cases per week, as known by the Government officers. The inoculation and other remedies prove ineffectual. Efforts to prevent its spread have been imperfect and weak, while the cupidity of some individuals, and the heedlessness and ignorance of others, has spread the seeds of the contagion far and wide. There was abundant knowledge in the country how to stop the disease, but their Government was afraid to act with energy, and all that has been done is sheep-dipping. In the year 1857 the Royal Agricultural Society of England, with the Agricultural Societies of Scotland and Ireland, and receiving the co-operation of the Foreign Office of the Government, sent Professor Simonds, of the Royal Veterinary College, to the Continent, to investigate this disease. The very fullest opportunities were afforded him, and he made an extended and valuable report. The conclusions at which he arrived are of especial interest now that we, as a nation, are in exactly the same condition that England was then.

He found the disease restricted to comparatively narrow limits this side of the Steppes of Russia, from whence it occasionally escaped in the ordinary course of cattle traffic into Austria, Hungary, Galicia, and Poland, where it is usually, as they say, "stamped out"—being surrounded by a military cordon, and all traffic in cattle stopped within or out from the district thus shut up from the rest of the world. This practice is so perfectly effectual where the disease is understood that Mr. Simonds regarded it as entirely improbable that the disease would ever afflict the English farmer. He says: "No fear need be entertained that this destructive pest will reach our shores. Its present great distance from us would of itself afford a fair amount of security; but when we add to this that no cattle find their way thence to the English market; and that in the event of the disease spreading from Galicia it would have to break through hundreds of military cordons, one after the other, before it could possibly reach the western side of the German States; and moreover, that for years past commerce has been unrestricted, with regard to the importation of skins, hides, bones, etc., of cattle from Russia and elsewhere, all alarm, we believe, may cease with reference to its introduction into the British Isles."

This is very instructive—showing us our great danger—and warning us not to rest in fancied security, as did our brother farmers of England, until herd after herd is swept away. It does not prove that this cordon principle is not effective, but only that some carelessness allowed the escape of diseased animals, or in some way the transit of the disease from the countries where it is domesticated, to the coast, and to England. The fact remains, that perfect isolation of the diseased and infected cattle, and of all persons, animals, and things which have been in close proximity to them, or their excretions, is perfect security against the disease. And we want the Legislature to empower the Executive of the different States to act with all power and promptness, should any case occur in this country, even to the using of the militia.—*American Agriculturist.*

## Long Cut Feed better than Short.

A correspondent reasons as follows: When a boy were taught to cut straw and hay for horses as short as possible, and the reason assigned was that horses would eat it sooner, and with greater avidity. In after life we observed that it was not so good for the horses. Straw and hay cut one inch long, for animals that do not chew the cud, is far better than if cut to one-fourth inch. When straw is cut very short much of it goes into the stomach without being crushed. For this reason a great deal of it does not digest, though the juices of the stomach would have dissolved it, had it been properly masticated. When a horse begins to eat the silvery glands send a stream of saliva into the animal's mouth, to moisten and soften the feed, and to prepare it for more easy digestion. Therefore it is important that every piece of straw or hay should be crushed and macerated between the teeth and the saliva thoroughly mingled with whatever is eaten before it is swallowed. As saliva is a powerful solvent, the organic structure of all feed should be broken up by the teeth, and the saliva and all the small fragments brought in contact with the liquid.

## Drilled Wheat vs. Broadcast.

"J. C." tried the experiment of drilling in his seed wheat vs. sowing broadcast. At first the drilled wheat looked much the best, but at harvest the broadcast came out far ahead. This is sometimes the case, but in four cases out of five drilling is the better practice. It saves seed, deposits it more evenly, and at uniform depth, and in a dry Autumn you can put the seed down into the moist earth, whereas if sown broadcast, much of it will remain in the dry surface soil, and will not germinate until it rains.

## Compost for Common Garden Crops.

For surface dressing, to be raked in after thorough manuring. Hen manure one bushel, mix with chamber-ley or stable liquor, and soften, add half a bushel plaster and half a bushel ashes, mix intimately, adding at the same time one bushel of good soil or fine muck. Use within three days, or add two bushels more of muck.

## Compost for Corn in the Hill.

Take hen manure one barrel, bonedust one bushel, dry muck two barrels, chamber-ley three pailfuls. Soften the dry hen manure with the urine, and mash the lumps—then mix thoroughly with the bone and muck; one handful to the hill. Worth more than the best poudrette. Good also for any root crop.

## Fertilizer for Lawns.

One bushel gypsum, two bushels ashes, one bushel fine bonedust (sifted). Sow about one peck of the mixture to the square rod.

## THE TIGER-MOTHER.

No animal exhibits such devotedness toward its progeny as the queen of the cat-tribe. Indeed, the fact is a proverb in the mouths of the native *shekaries*, or beaters. Speaking of a miser they will say: "It is as easy to coax a tiger kitten from its mother as money from his officers." Some years ago some English officers, camped in the vicinity of Mukpoor, went out tiger-hunting, and bagged a splendid tigress. While returning home with the trophy they found, in a secluded spot in the lee of a jagged rock, what evidently was the lair of a tiger, for there lay bones of both human and brute kind, and shreds and rags of clothing. More interesting than all, however, was the discovery of a tiny kitten, not more than a fortnight old, coiled in a corner, winking and blinking, and gazing at the intruders. The hunters at once decided that this must be the cub of the beast they had slain, and willingly took charge of the little orphan.

Tiger kittens are not captured every day; so when the hunters returned to their quarters the excitement in their tent was considerable. The newly-acquired kitten was provided with a tiny dog-collar and chain, and attached to the tent-pole, round which it gambolled, to the delight of an audience numbering nearly twenty. About two hours after the capture, however, and just as it was growing dusk, the good people in the tent were checked in the midst of their hilarity by a sound that caused the bravest heart there to beat rather irregularly.

It was the roar, or rather the combination of shriek and roar, peculiar to the tiger when driven mad with rage. In an instant the gambolling kitten became every inch a tiger, and strained, with all its baby strength, at the tether, while it replied with a loud wail to the terrible voice outside. The company were panic-stricken. There was something so sudden and unearthly in the roar that it seemed as though the great tiger brought in an hour before had come to life again. Certainly the tiger in question was already fayed, but the picture conjured up became not the more pleasant for that. There was, however, not nearly so much time allowed for speculation to the scared company as writing these lines has cost; for almost simultaneously with the roar there leaped sheer into the centre of the tent a bold tigress, and without noticing a single man there, she caught her kidnapped baby by the nape of its neck, and giving it a jerk, snapped the little chain, and then, turning for the tent door, trotted off at full speed. After all, it appeared that the little thing did not belong to the tiger that was slain, but to the brave mother that had tracked and recovered it. Sanguinary man-eaters as she may have been, one can be scarcely sorry to hear that a gun was levelled at the great rejoicing creature as she bore off her young one, and that she got clear off.

## HUNTING THE RHINOCEROS.

THE Bechuna of South Africa, if he be rich enough, purchases a gun where to attack the dauntless black rhinoceros, much preferring, as any one who has a chance of seeing Bore in all his savage grandeur will at once understand, to send the messenger of death in the shape of a bullet from a safe distance, than to bear it himself at the end of his soft-headed assagai; indeed, rather than risk the "pretty pickle" that would certainly ensue if the ill-tempered blade should prove treacherous, the native goes out to hunt the rhinoceros preferring depending on his bow and poisoned arrows. This mode of hunting, however, at least so say Cumming and Anderson, and other sporting travellers qualified to judge, is extremely unproductive and tedious, in consequence of the poison (which the bushmen manufacture themselves from a sort of tarantula spider, by a process which they keep scrupulously secret) growing so hard and dry on the arrow-tips that it either chaps away on encountering the animal's tough hide, or else, on penetrating the flesh, remains intact, and without dispersing its deadly qualities.

A well-directed, common leaden bullet is sufficient to make the biggest rhinoceros bite the dust; but for a long range, say a hundred yards, two-thirds lead and one-third solder is best, or, better still, all spelter. The head of the

rhinoceros is so thick that there is little use in firing at it; and if it should be penetrated, it is a great chance that the bullet finds the animal's brain, as it is very small, and confined in a chamber about six inches long by four high. Sparman relates that on filling this receptacle with peas, it was found to hold barely a quart. He tried a human skull, and found that it comfortably accommodated nearly three pints.

Mr. Anderson's experiences in hunting the rhinoceros are of the most thrilling character. Although he slew scores of them from behind the "skarm," his favorite mode was to "stalk" them. He tells of a monstrous white rhinoceros that nearly put an end to his stalking. "Having got within a few paces of her," says he, "I put a ball in her shoulder; but it nearly cost me dear; for, guided by the flash of the gun, she rushed on me with such fury that I had only time enough to throw myself on my back, in which position I remained motionless. This saved my life; for, not observing me, she came to a sudden halt just as her feet were about to crush my body. She was so near to me that I felt the saliva from her mouth trickle on to my face. I was in an agony of suspense, though happily only for a moment; for, having impatiently sniffed the air, she wheeled about and made off at full speed."

## FOR YOUTHFUL READERS.

## The Kind Little Girl.

A VERY poor man had a very good little girl. She had a fat, chubby, sweet face, and her cheeks looked like peaches when they were ripe. Her hair hung in ringlets all over her head, and some rich fathers would have made her look like a fairy, with nice dresses and costly trinkets. But Lulu's father was poor, and her clothes were only decent; but she, sweet girl, was kind and good, which is better than to be rich. Riches have spoiled a great many little girls, but Lulu had no chance to be spoiled in this way.

One day she saw a lame old man going by, wretchedly clad, with a pack on his back. Lulu thought he must be cold, or hungry, or need something to make him comfortable; so she ran, without saying anything to her mother, and soon overtook the stranger.

"Man!" said she, "my father always gives poor folks something to eat; won't you come back and get some bread?" The old man turned about as if he was surprised; he thought a bird of paradise had just dropped down there and was singing. He was not used to such a soft, sweet voice as that; and then her message was so kind and good!

Lulu thought the old man did not understand her, because he stood and gazed upon her in silence. So she again said:

"My father always gives poor folks something to eat. Won't you go back with me and get some bread?"

The old man smiled; he could not help it. If he had felt cross he could not have kept from that smile. He turned about, and Lulu took his hand and led him back to the house. What do you think her mother thought when she saw her little daughter leading in that ragged stranger?

"Here, mother," said Lulu, "is a poor lame man who is hungry; won't you give him some bread?" Her mother looked pleased, and hastened to feed the stranger, while Lulu set him a chair close to the fire, and viewed him from head to foot, as if she thought he was a Lazarus, as pure as gold.

We need not tell you how long he stayed, nor what he said about Lulu when he went away. We are more concerned to know what our readers will think and say about this kind little girl. Was it not a beautiful spirit that caused her to think of the beggar's wants? Ought not every boy and girl to be as thoughtful and kind? Remember the charming hymn:

"Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden,  
Like the heaven above."  
"Little seeds of mercy,  
Given by youthful hands,  
Grow to distant nations,  
Far in distant lands."

## A Story for Boys.

It is related of a Persian mother, that on giving her son forty pieces of silver for his portion, she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said:

"Go, my son, I consign thee to God, and we shall not meet again till the day of judgment."

The youth went away, and the party he travelled with were assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had, and he answered:

"Forty dinars are sewed up in my garments."

The robber laughed, thinking that the boy jested. Another asked the same question, and received the same answer. At last the chief called him, and asked what he had. The boy replied:

"I have told two of your people that I had forty dinars sewed up in my garments."

The chief ordered the garments to be ripped open, and the money was found.

"And how came you to tell this?"

"Because," replied the boy, "I would not be false to my mother, to whom I had promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible at my age of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand that I may swear repentance on it."

He did so, and his followers were struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief, "be the same in the path of virtue!" and taking the boy's hand they took the oath of repentance on it.

## The Colored Glass.

A LITTLE boy ran to his mother, saying, "Oh, mother, I have such a pretty thing. It is a piece of glass, and it is all red. When I look through it everything looks red too—the trees, houses, green grass, and your face, and even your blue eyes."

"Yes, John," replied the mother, "it is very beautiful; and let me show you that you can learn a useful lesson from this pretty thing. You remember, the other day, you thought everybody was cross to you. You said, father, sister, and I were all the time finding fault with you. Now you were like this piece of glass, which makes everything red because it is red. You were cross, so you thought everybody was cross too. But when you got up in the morning in a good humor, loving and helping everybody, they too will seem kind and loving toward you. Now, remember, my boy, and always be what you wish others to be—kind, gentle, loving; and, seen through the beautiful color of a kind disposition, will seem more beautiful than ever."

## Don't Tattle.

CHILDREN, don't talk about each other. Don't call one of your school-mates ugly, another stingy, another cross, behind their backs. It is the meanest sort of sin. Even if they are ugly, stingy, or cross, it does you no good to repeat it. It makes you love to tell of faults; it makes you uncharitable; your soul grows smaller; your heart loses its generous blood when you tattle about your friends. Tell all the good you know about them, and carry the sins in your own heart; or else tell them to God, and ask Him to pardon them. That will be Christ-like. If anybody says to you, "Oh, that Mary Willis did such a naughty thing!" call to mind some virtue that Mary possesses, and hold it up to her praise. For your own sake learn to make this a habit.

## TO YOUNG LADIES.

If you have a friend whose circumstances are known to be in an unprosperous condition, and you see his daughters in costly garments, what are your feelings? Is not all admiration of their costume lost in the sense of its betraying a want of common honesty thus to spend the money that belongs to their father's creditors?

Dress is a very fair index of a young lady's neatness, industry, economy, good sense, modesty, good taste; and she who is at all times, in her private as well as public hours, perfectly well dressed, according to all that I include in that term, must have many of the substantial qualities that constitute a good character and are essential to domestic comfort.

Some young girls are apt to think that the most important item in their dress is the material and trimming, whereas clean stockings, neat shoes, smooth, well-brushed hair, and delicately clean hands, nails, and teeth would make them look more lady-like and better dressed in a simple cotton dress than they would be in the finest merino without these accompaniments.

Those things which are most essential to neat appearance are most within the reach of everybody, and therefore the neglect of them is not to be excused.

Everybody can mend stockings and gloves, however old they may be. The sooner a garment is mended after it begins to require it the better.

Most girls consider it a settled thing that darning stockings is a drudgery, and without entering at all into the merits of the case, they cultivate an unreasonable dislike to it; but as there is nothing in the whole economy of dress that turns to such good account as darning, it is unwise to make it a bugbear.

I have seen a lady stare and wondered at her that she liked to darn as if she had expressed a fondness for the toothache. If any one wishes to overcome this imaginary evil, let her begin with a new set of stockings, take the whole care of them herself, and mend them at a stated time every week.

Many articles of dress are more injured by want of care in the disposal of them when off the person than when in wear; if not put away properly they are rumpled, and made to look worse than when worn carefully for a week.

A writer, who has lately travelled in France, says a great deal on the care which French ladies take of their clothes when not in wear. She describes how they fold up their dresses, and pin them up in towels, and place them carefully away.

The French certainly understand the whole art of making the best appearance upon the smallest means; and as every one can do something better with her money than spend it unnecessarily upon dress, it is well to learn the lesson which they can teach. Other good habits will help you in this; if you have a place for everything and put everything in its place the moment you take it off, it will be a great means of preserving your clothes in nice order.

The practice of coming into the parlor with your walking-dress on, and throwing your bonnet down on one chair, and your cloak on another; and then, when at last you must carry them away, gathering them up anyhow, holding your bonnet by one string, or with a grip in the front that bends it, will make them look much more shabby than those which are always carried up stairs at once on the person of the wearer, and put away as they are taken off.

## A NEW GAME.

A NEW game, called "Le Tournoi burlesque," has just been introduced into evening parties in London and Paris, and is rapidly coming into vogue as an infallible novel provoker. The players in this novel style of tournament (always gentlemen) seat themselves on the ground, with their knees drawn up, their shins crossed, and their hands clasped around the latter. A stick, rather over a yard long, is then placed under the knees of each player, and tied firmly in place with a handkerchief, in such a way that knees, stick, and hands are securely fastened together. As a given signal the players, divided into two squads, drag themselves about upon the floor, each endeavoring to upset the others by poking at them with his stick, and those who are upset, or only touched, are at once put out of the game; the ranks of the combatants are soon thinned, and the fight is presently narrowed

to a duel between the two most skillful of the rival knights. It is difficult to imagine anything more ludicrous than the spectacle presented by twenty or thirty of these combatants all equally united in laying about them with their sticks, and in avoiding or parrying the thrusts of their adversaries; especially when perhaps half a dozen of the heaviest have had the ill-luck to lose their balance, and flounder into the most ridiculous attitudes, in their vain attempts to get themselves again into a sitting posture. To laugh until their sides are sore is inevitably the lot of all spectators of the game, even the most saturnine.

## THE MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.

It is common with us to associate the mother of Washington with the greatness of her son, and not unjustly. Few, indeed, are the great and good whose exaltation has not arisen from the first deep-laid, solid instructions of a mother. Often, too, that mother has been the almost only teacher, implanting with the rudiments of learning those finer traits of principle, honor, benevolence, and sympathy characteristic of the sex, as well as that quick sense of what is due to woman which elicits the noblest enthusiasm.

In Edmund Burke, standing beside his mother learning his first lessons from her, is a striking example of this. Too delicate to be sent to school, less promising than his vivacious brother, Richard, Edmund, the son of the Dublin attorney, was formed by his mother's care, and at her knee learned to root deeply in his character that which in most is crushed out by the almost brutalizing associations thrown around the early years of boys, hard, dry, unsympathetic, and knowing no law but force.

The world will never know how many a fine organization, how much elevation, purity, and genius even, is crushed out in the coarse machinery to which boyhood is committed.

Fortunately for Burke he passed from that mother's care to the school of a worthy Quaker, to whose merits the statesman paid a noble tribute on the floor of parliament.

It is not our province here to follow his career in life. Our readers will know how, from contributing to the periodical press, and instituting and conducting the *Annual Register*, he rose to a place in parliament and to an influence in the affairs of the nation almost without a parallel.

His first speech, devoted to the bill for repealing the American stamp act, evoked the valuable praise of the great Earl of Chatham and the gratitude of a continent.

His genius found a field suited to its early training in the great trial of Warren Hastings. He died July 8, 1797, aged sixty-seven.

## EARTHQUAKES.

THE ancients believed that the sea causes the earthquakes. Experience without science may, perhaps, give hints to science without experience. Living for months in no slight fear of these always alarming, and at that time constant visitors, it is impossible not to form some opinion on the matter. I believe, then, by the action of the winds, the ocean is forced occasionally into contact with the realms of fire that occupy the centre of the earth, and that the waves, repelled by the flames, generate enormous volumes of steam, which rush furiously along the hollows, conveying with them the lava of those dark regions. This mass of steam-propelled lava seeks everywhere to escape, and makes for the volcanoes, and on its passage breaks through or violently shakes the crust of the earth where it is the weakest.

In proportion, then, to their nearness to great volcanoes, or to main channels leading thereto, countries are more or less affected by earthquakes. In a calm, I imagine that the sea may then be retreating from the fires, which it may have before approached. Steam may still be generated, but not with the same violence as when, in the infinitesimal manner described by Homer, Pluto "leapt from his throne, lest Neptune's arms should be his dark dominions lost to the day."

Comparing ideas with the respected and amiable late Bishop of Gibraltar, at Cephalonia, he assured me that he long entertained the same opinion as to the manner in which earthquakes probably originated.

## A GOOD ANSWER.

MANY years ago a minister was called to the pastoral care of a church in the vicinity of Boston. He had just preached his first sermon, and the body had gone into conference, with the young pastor presiding. It was suggested by an aged brother that it might be well for the church to fix upon some amount as the salary of the pastor, so that he might know what to depend upon; but instantly objection was made all over the house. "It is time enough," said they, "to think about that. We might fix upon a sum, and not be able to raise it. Let that remain undetermined, and the church uncommitted." With this disposal of the salary question they passed to the next item of business, which was to decide on what days regular services of the church should be held. All eyes were now turned to the new pastor, expecting that he would state definitely what days he would be with them. In answer to their inquiries on this point he remarked, in a careless manner: "Brothers, I want my preaching days to stand on the same footing on which you have put the salary. I can't commit myself to come on any particular day, for it might not be convenient always to do so. Sometimes I will come on the first Sunday in the month, then, again, I may happen here on the second or fourth, and then, again, I may not find it convenient to come at all. Just leave this matter as you have done the salary—unsettled." In a few moments a specified amount had been fixed upon as the pastor's salary, and the pastor himself had announced definitely the days upon which he would officiate.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

Epitaph on a portrait painter—Taken from life.

A BOX of contention should be thrown away when there is no longer any meat on it.

MANY persons, it is said, are enemies because they do not know each other. They are often such because they do.

WHERE should spinsters go, bless 'em? Why to Ceylon, of course, where the inhabitants are all single he's (Cingalese.)

THE man who comes on the stage exactly at his cue is prompt, but the man who does not come on at all is prompter.

MR. QUILL, upon censuring his nephew for bad speculations in oil, was shocked at the report "that the money was well spent."

At a trial, recently, a Cornish jury returned the following verdict: "Guilty, with some little doubt as to whether he is the man."

ONE of our exchanges says: "Dr. Joseph Worcester, author of a dictionary, and inventor of Worcestershire sauce, is dead." Such is fame.

THE editor of a paper published in the mountains of California tells of gathering wild flowers in the morning and wading through snow in the evening.

AN Irishman seeing a woman advertised entitled "Endless Amusement," remarked that it would be a cheap work to whoever could live long enough to read it.

Or a rich man it was said: "Poor man, he toiled day and night until he was forty to gain wealth, and has been watching over it ever since for his victuals and clothes."

THE Bristol magistrates were at the time of the great riots scattered through the town. They argued that under the circumstances it was impossible they could have been collected.

A FRENCHMAN, wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said, "de butter de poets." A wag said that he had fairly churned up the English language.

"I AM glad this coffee don't owe me anything," said a book-keeper to his wife the other morning at breakfast. "Why?" was the response. "Because I don't believe it would ever settle."

A SCHOOLBOY, having good-naturedly helped another in a difficult ciphering lesson, was angrily questioned by the dominie: "Why did you work out his lesson?" "To lessen his work," replied the youngster.

BAD luck is simply a man with his hands in his breeches pocket and a pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out. Good luck is a man of pluck to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, working to make it come out right.

"HAS that cookery book any pictures?" said Miss C.—to a bookseller. "No, Miss, none," was the answer. "Why?" exclaimed the young lady, "what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner if you give us no plates?"

A PREACHER stopped short in a pulpit; it was in vain that he scratched his head—nothing would come out. "My friends," said he, as he quietly walked down the pulpit stairs, "my friends, I pity you, for you have just lost a fine discourse."

AN Irishman was summoned for refusing to pay a doctor's bill, when he was asked why he refused to pay. "What for should I pay?" said Paddy; "sure he didn't give me anything but some emetics, and the niver one could I keep on my stomach at all."

THACKERY tells of an Irishman woman begging alms of him, who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out, "May the blessing of God follow you all your life," but when he pulled out his snuff-box, immediately added—"and never overtake ye."

"I'll bet a sheep," said old Meredith to his better half, "that our boy Otto is going crazy, for he's grinnin' at the plough, he's grinnin' at the barn, and he's grinnin' to himself wherever he goes." "Old man!" said his wife, "you don't know nothin'. The critter's got a love-letter."

A CAPTAIN in the navy, meeting a friend as he landed at Portsmouth, boasted that he had left his whole ship's company the happiest fellows in the world. "Why so?" asked his friend. "Why, I have just flogged seventeen, and they are happy it is over; and all the rest are happy that they escaped."

A JEALOUS husband, being absent from home, went to a clairvoyant in London to know what his wife was doing. "Ah," cried the clairvoyant, "I see her; she expects some one; the door opens; he comes; she caresses him fondly; he lays his head on her lap, and—husband mad with rage—he was his tail!" It was the dog. The husband was calmed.

EARLY TRAINING.—Accustom a child as soon as it can speak to narrate his little experience, his chapter of accidents, his griefs, his fears, his hopes; to communicate what he has noticed in the world without, and what he feels struggling in the world within. Anxious to have something to narrate, he will be induced to give attention to objects around him, and what is passing in the sphere of his instruction, and to observe and note events will become one of his first pleasures; and this is the groundwork of a thoughtful character.

BUBB DODDINGTON was very lethargic. Falling asleep one day, after dinner, with Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham, the latter reproached him with his drowsiness. Doddington denied having been asleep; and to prove he had not, offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story, and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. "Well," said Doddington, "and yet I didn't hear a word of it; but I went to sleep, because I knew that about this time of the day you would tell that story."

THERE is a renologist in London who can tell thirteens of a barrel by examining the ad. He makes the examination with gimlet.

"WHAT can you offer in the pound?" asked the creditor of a ruined farmer. "Alas! gentlemen all I have in the pound is a donkey, replied the distressed agriculturist.

AN officer, in life, happening to bow, a cannon ball passed over his head, and took off that the soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said he, "that a man never lets by politeness."

"SHALL thanks to a," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this case?" "Ah, sir," replied the conscientious witness, "but just think of what I didn't say."

DIFFERENT sounds level with different degrees of velocity. A call to dinner will run over a taceur lot in a minute and a half, while summons to work will take from five ten minutes.

"Does the razor take lid well?" inquired a darkey, who was shaving a gentleman from the country. "Yes," replied the customer, with tears in his eyes, "it takes hold first, but don't let go worth a cent."

A TRAVELLER went into an inn after a shower, and asked the landlord to show him a good fire; "for," said he, "I'm very wet;" and then, turning to the waiter, he said: "Bring me a tankard of ale immediately, for I'm awfully dry."

A CAT, even if she be friendly, never approaches thee by a direct course. No more does a truth, O friend, but winding round thy stupidities and rubbing up against thy prejudices reaches thee gently—and then perhaps scratches.

A QUAKER, preaching at Nantucket, said, "Every tub must sit on its own bottom." A sailor jumped up and said, "But, madam, supposit has no bottom?" "Then it's no tub," returned she quickly, and went on with her sermon.